SAWDUST

APRIL, 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 4

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

MONKEY SHINES

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

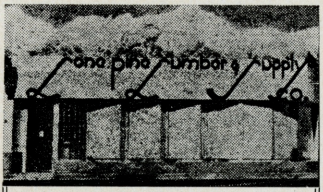
I WON'T LET GO! . . .

I want to let go, but I WON'T let go.
There are battles to fight
By day and by night, for God and the right,
And I'll never let go.

I want to let go, but I WON'T let go.
I'm sick, 'tis true,
Worried and blue—worn through and through—
But I won't let go.

I want to let go, but I WON'T let go.
I will NEVER yield!
What? Lie down on the field and surrender my shield?
No! I'LL NEVER let go.

I want to let go, but I WON'T let go.
May this be my song against legions of wrong.
O God, keep me strong
That I may NEVER let go.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

•

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CRUZ SAINZ
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•

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

•

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

•

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HOW BIG THE BONUS?

For the following bit of salt of wisdom we are indebted to the Thief River Falls, Minn. Times:

"To a government that tosses billions of dollars around as recklessly as ours there should be no argument about promises of a fat bonus to each veteran when the little detail of winning the war has been attended to. Talk now is of $4,500 as a maximum for those who have overseas duty to their credit and $3,500 as tops for those whose service has been in this country. This would cost merely another forty billion dollars, so it is scarcely worth arguing about.

"All of which sounds silly to those who still retain some sense of balance but as a matter of fact we are approaching a condition in which it doesn't matter a great deal how much farther into debt we go. When you are busted you are busted, and when you are broke it makes little difference whether you owe a million, a billion or a trillion. If we don't apply the brakes on deficit spending at once we might just as well step on the gas and shoot the works. Instead of giving the boys $5,000, make it $10,000 or $100,000 or a cool million. One of Uncle Sam's million dollar certificates would be a fine testimonial of our appreciation. It would serve well as a souvenir for the boys to carry with them. Some of the fellows who are handy with the galloping dominoes might assemble enough of them to paper the walls of their garage.

"But if we were seriously intent on giving something of value to the men who have served in the armed forces, we would make an effort to greet them with a solvent America when they return."

Food for thought: Our leaders in Washington should have their myopic eyes transplanted from the Atlantic to Pacific shores. Foreign spending thus far, including Lend-Lease totals thirty billion dollars, of which 71% went to the British Empire, and 2% to China.

Strip a small tree or shrub of its outer covering. You will discover that every branch, every knot, every blemish that shows on the surface had its start in the tree's heart, where its mark can be plainly seen. Almost everything grows from within. A lot of the disagreeable things that have crept into one's life have their real origin deep within one's heart. If the heart is kept perfect, life will be perfect. If the ideals are kept radiant, life will shine beautifully.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Mishmash

I have received a mail from you, but am sorry you send it to the wrong Shimoda. I am Y. Shimoda. On the bill it says received by K. Shimoda. Well, in our family there is no K. Shimoda. You send this bill to the wrong Shimoda. This bill must be for another Shimoda in camp, (for I'll say there are quite a lots of Shimoda family in camp). Be sure you get this bill to K. Shimoda & not to A. or Y. Shimoda, (again).—Y. Shimoda, Manzanar, Calif.

—SD—

Gratulant

Some months ago I happened to be stopping at the Dow Hotel for a few days. I was so impressed with Genevieve's courage and determination in connection with her enterprise in the face of such a shortage of merchandise of the type that she could sell, that I conceived the idea of sending her a few pieces to add to her stock... With her ability to smile...I shall never doubt that she will succeed, if only in the satisfaction of knowing that she has been such a substantial help and inspiration to those with whom she has come in contact.—R. R. Morris, Whittier, Calif.

—SD—

Dare

Our baseball league will start pretty soon. We have a very good team this year. If you have any team in your town, I wish you bring them here and challenge on our team sometime.—Henry T. Murakami, Manzanar, Calif.

Eulogium

One of the biggest crowds attended one of the most tragic funerals Easter Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at the Methodist Church in Ord, when hundreds came in final tribute to Evelyn Sharp, slim, dark-haired Valley County country girl who died in a plane crash near Middletown, Pa., Monday, April 3rd . . . Evelyn's funeral was a tremendous tribute to her popularity...During her Sophomore year in high school she became interested in flying and by the time she was 16 had won her private license. She was the first woman in the United States to obtain a transport license at the age of 18 years...Some 354 boys [Many at Lone Pine.—Ed.] received their private licenses for the army after she taught them the game...She had a total of 4,115 hours of flying time to her credit ...Killed in a speedy P-38 within one minute after leaving the field, she had only 700 feet altitude... The little Valley county Miss, who weighed a mere 90 pounds when she first soloed, had only a total of 114 to use in her battle when she was killed.—Ord, Nebr. paper.

—SD—

Errorist

A fine article about Genevieve. I hope she liked it. I can remember when she was as pretty as in the picture "Sweet Genevieve". And there is no denying Mrs. Owen does not look much older than your "Candid Camera" picture.—Charlotte A. Langley, L. A., Calif.

Wrong. Mrs. Owen has made no Candid Camera appearance, yet.—Ed.

EPIC OF THE MONTH

...These were brave men and they were dead. Bravery and death were linked together in a natural and inevitable sequence. It seemed as simple as that.

We brought them aboard and began preparing for a proper burial at sea. The men were crowded around in close, curious bunches. They were quiet for once and there was a queer, hard look on their faces.

Each was wrapped in a heavy canvas (it was green, I remember) and weighted with heavy shells from our big guns so that they would stay decently buried.

To those of us who were not so unfortunate as Thomas or Wilson, the emotions I could not feel at the time later take on an added significance. Too often it is a bitter significance, because so many of the things we hear from home make all this seem so hopelessly fruitless, so terribly futile.

I wish there were words adequate enough to explain how deeply most of us feel about being out here; how much it means to us to win completely and unequivocally so that our sons and our sons' sons, and those of our enemy need not know this again; how much it hurts to be forced to the realization that so many of our hopes are empty.

I wish there were words adequate enough to explain the bitterness, the scorn, the unrest and the lack of faith most of us have for so many things at home:

For the ineffective, bumbling legislature; for all the political devices and stratagems which are so obviously for the gain and glory of a few politicians though clothed in the sanctity of the words, "For the men in the service."

How bitterly we resent the strikes. (How can we be 100% for something that they're only 75% behind at home?)

How we feel about the stupid racial prejudices that are fostered and festered by some of our "great democratic" Senators while many of the same races they so denouce are out here risking their necks to give those same Senators the right to go on fostering that hatred. What a sordid story!

How we feel to have even our right to vote fashioned into a political football.

How much we scorn the little crumbs that are thrown our way, such as the $300 mustering-out pay and all such meaningless tommy-rot.

The thing that is important to us is first to win the war and then to set about rehabilitating not only ourselves but the people in India and China and Japan and Germany so that we can live together and call each other friends. It seems to me that this is what we set out to do. Even though few of us ever expected to attain that much, it is bitter knowledge indeed to see how infinitely little we are likely to attain at all.

The plain and simple truth is, I'm afraid, that we as a people have not grown big enough, tolerant enough, wise enough, nor just enough, to manage our own affairs with honor and justice, let alone those of the world. We are still trying to delude ourselves with the idea that we are a democracy instead of accepting the truth that we are not, and planning ways and means of becoming one some day. —TIME.

RETROSPECTION . . . Lone Pine Elementary School, 1905

Can you identify some of the following: Tom Hancock, John Anton, Miles Scott, C. D. Ruiz, Fred Spear, Ed Humphreys, Fred Humphreys, Miss Tule Humphreys (teacher), Filberto Castro, Grover Anton, Claudio Salazar, Robert Carrasco, Robert Scott, Antonia Carrasco, Petra Ruiz Sotelo, June Spear, Julia Moore Lasky, Lenore Carrasco, Amelia Sainz Williams, Stella Carrasco Castro, Victoria Castro Aigner, Isobel Ruiz Hutton, Francis Elder, Delphina Elder Harry, Minnie Moore Campbell, Mable Syervester, Carmelita Olivas Southey, Camilia Cole Kilgore, Eloisa Salazar Fernandez, Margaret Dodge, Rita Salazar Mathews, Irving Moore, Wm. V. Skinner, Fernando Romero, Relles Carrasco, Raymond Ruiz, Mike Sainz, Ralph Salazar and Fred Moore?

TAX NIGHTMARE . . .

Destructive Power

Truly, "the power to tax is the power to destroy", and just as the money collected from the English tea tax enabled Parliament to make colonial governors and judges independent of the people, so the vast sums of money collected through the income tax have enabled bureaucrats to usurp our constitutional rights, and crackpots who swarm into every nook and cranny of our Government to boondoggle all over the world.—Miss Vivien Kellems, Kansas City, Mo.

Odious Comparisons

California's property tax of $45 per person each year is to be contrasted with $22 in Missouri, $23 in Texas, $29 in Ohio, $32 in Pennsylvania and Nebraska, $35 in Michigan and $39 in Iowa and Kansas.

Our immediate neighbors on the Pacific Coast have much lower property taxes. In Oregon the per capita burden is $37 and in Washington it is only $28. The average for the United States as a whole is barely $34.

Flame-of-the-Month

A man bought several hundred very expensive cigars and had them insured against fire. After smoking them all, he put in a claim because they had been destroyed by fire. When the insurance company refused to pay, the man sued. The judge decided that as the company had agreed to insure the cigars against fire and had issued the man a policy, it was financially responsible. As soon as the man accepted payment, the insurance company had him arrested for arson.—NEWS FROM HOME.

CANDID CAMERA . . .

Presenting the broad posterior of Southern Owens Valley's great physician and surgeon, now deceased.

Shortly after this writer arrived in Lone Pine this M. D. invited us to a fried oyster feed on the Dave Holland ranch. Although oysters were definitely out of season, we did not question such an unusual thing in this unusual country. But we found these to be an unusual type of oyster. With a chuckle the Doc went into all the gory details of the production of mountain oysters. We have eaten none since.

We spent the balance of the afternoon in a vengeful mood, photographing many of the guests surfeited with mountain oysters.

—SD—

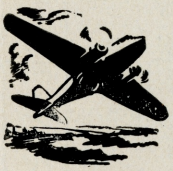
GEMS OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE . . .

You ask me how I learned of the booklet—"Gems of American Architecture". A friend of mine has one, and showed it to me. I do not know where he got it. I am glad to pay for two of the booklets, and I enclose a check for 80 cents.—Robert J. Teall, Boston, Mass.

Wallpaper

April Fool's Day was very quiet in Lone Pine. Apparently the most noise was made by local Lions at the installation of the new Lions Club at Bishop . . . Easter togs were also considerably subdued, that is with the exception of milady's hats. Some of them must have been designed by geoastrophysiologists . . . March 28th was Julius Mahrt's birthday, and the smoke-house wherein he works was again out of cigars. Buying his own stogies at a competitor's Julius commented "I'll be a sunovabitch if that ain't good!" . . . Christopher Morley asserts: "A human being is an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing." To which we opine that it is a better installation than that of a skunk's. . . Death came to a lumberman in the game almost sixty years. We regretted to learn of the passing of Edwin Towle Robie of Auburn, whom this writer had the pleasure of meeting during his 1942 campaign. . . Beware of the back slapper. Ten to one he hopes to make you cough up something . . . Felix Meysan informed us that ex-Lone Piner Chuck Harned recently "had his tonsileetises removed". . . That Navy Base at Inyokern is undoubtedly the one that was scheduled some months ago for the Lone Pine area. We think there are far more advantages for such a Base around here, but we're just as happy that we're 70 miles removed from it . . . Distinguished visitors of the month: Major and Mrs. Roy French, and Bob Loundagin. After 18 months in the Aleutians, Bob had some interesting comments for what he termed the USO Commandoes back in the States. . . The difference between a model woman and a woman model, is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact. . . The boys in the armed forces certainly move around a lot. Statistics reveal that the U. S. soldier of today, averages seven moves from camp to camp before he embarks. . . In an attempt to prevent Christmas from being too drab for the youngsters, we are now receiving small lots of toys at the time when air coolers would be far more acceptable . . . No, folks, we have no air conditioners, and we expect none . . . Nor do we, nor will we, have mechanical refrigerators . . . The riot act was read at a broadcasting station recently. It seems that in a radio play the heroine, a working girl, was to read the lines, "Before the month's over, I'm going to be in bad with the boss." The actress playing the part became rattled and uttered over the airways: "Before the month's over, I'm going to be in bed with the boss." . . . Rudie II risked mayhem the other day when he spied elder brother Bob's new blitz hair-cut by blandly opining in the presence of witnesses: "That looks like a bunch of hay piled on top of a boiled egg" . . . We've heard a lot of people missing the boat, but last month was the first time we ever knew anyone to miss their own birthday party. We attended a grand one for Ted Giggy, but Ted never arrived. . . And after being photographed with Jimmy-the-Red for six consecutive Easters, Charlie

Sumner was unable to get home for a perfect score this Easter... A wedding carriage driving through London bore this inscription on the back: "Result of careless talk"...Americana: Cartago and Olancha folks all out for the Red Cross drive with an entertainment by the youngsters followed by a spirited auction of canned foods and pastries. With half a dozen cup-cakes bringing bids of from two to three dollars a big chunk was taken out of their Red Cross quota, not to mention the purses of many individuals...Last month we commented on the singing of Dennis Day. Dennis is in the navy. We never heard him better than the night of April 4th when he again sang "Back Home Again in Indiana" for the explicit benefit of a Hoosier boy in the armed forces in Alaska. That boy was brought in on the program by short wave after the song and his choking acknowledgement was a masterpiece...Speaking of radio, one of the finest was an Easter program that same night: "The Great Book"...We understand there are regulations relative to the minimum altitude airplanes may fly over populated areas. We were one of many that could easily feel the prop-wash of a B-17 bomber roaring down Main Street's white center-line a few day's ago. In case we missed it the first time, we were treated to a repeat performance a few minutes later. In fact as we observed some scared people pop out of buildings we were reminded of that same reaction during a sharp earthquake...Random thought: Did you ever stop to think that on the whole little appreciation is shown school teachers? As a group they are tremendous assets to their respective communities... While eating out the other evening, the hostess solicitously asked Jimmy-the-Red if he could cut his own meat. He replied without looking up: "Oh, yessum, we often have it as tough as this at home" . . . Tho it was officially Spring we observed Delphine Hewitt wearing ear-muffs on a chilly morning. Reminding her that they were out of season, she responded that as an OPA employee she didn't want to hear what folks had to say about it...It's too late to read the handwriting on the wall when your back is to it...How times have changed. Lack of opportunity has prevented us from calling on the purchasing agents for the new Navy Base at Inyokern. Two of them called on us at Lone Pine, and furthermore, one of them took us too lunch...Too many of us in business are like the boy who fell out of bed. He said he went to sleep too near the place where he got in...Few people stop to consider the high mortality of business firms as they openly express envy of this or that apparently flourishing business. This writer arrived in Lone Pine twenty years ago, and of the many Main Street business houses then, the sole survivor is Bill McLean's Lone Pine Drug...Lone Pine's Major George Palmer Putnam is now overseas. Don't be surprised if you find him turn up with General Chennault's Chinese Fourteenth Air Force...Remember how we squawked about the mail service? Despite war conditions, P. M. T. deserves a nod for more than a year of practically "on time" service...And that's "30" for this month, folks.



SCENIC INYO . . . Tuttle Creek In The Alabama Hills

COME TO THE SOUTH SEAS!

Come to the South Seas! Oh yes! But not for romance or an exciting vacation, for the famed isles of the Southwest Pacific are only glamorous on the movie screen. Seen from a distance as you look out over the turquoise waters of the Pacific Ocean or the Coral Sea, the islands seem charming with their high, rugged mountains blending into a deep blue where the peaks and ridges pierce an azure, tropical, cloud-studded sky. Row upon row stand the stately cocoanut palms with their fronds gently swaying in the breeze. These trees run back from the beach on the level areas to the foot of the nearby hills. Exotic brilliant flowers enchant one as they gaze through the dense, dark growth of vines, trees and brush that make the jungle. Yes, indeed it is a truly pretty picture, but only when seen from a ship in the far distance.

Coming ashore one is bitterly disappointed, for instead of being greeted by the South Sea maidens of song and legend, or a mighty tribal Chieftain, you only see a few dirty, filthy, black natives whose former acquaintances with civilization make them commercial and rather skeptical of the white man's intentions. If there ever were any beautiful olive-skinned maidens in this part of the world, they have all been exported to Hollywood or the picturesque South Sea Island night clubs of our various large cities. The women who are left here are far from pleasant looking, with their pot-bellies, flabby, pancake breasts, and sore, scaly arms and legs. Truly a repulsive lot, and a serviceman even hates to buy a grass skirt from them for fear he contracts some dread tropical disease.

The beautiful palms lose their appeal after a couple of days ashore, while the flowers on closer examination are found to be covered with dust, insects and bugs. The sea shore of coral abounds in seashells, but ones just as pretty can be found at C a t a l i n a. The mountains and the beaches grow tiresome as you view them through clouds of dust or a drenching downpour of rain.

Of course, there are numerous other features that add to one's discomfort out here beyond the bounds of our civilized world. The mosquito, and a mighty lusty fellow he is, abounds in droves and do their greatest damage early in the morning or in the twilight of evening. Not that their pincers-like bite annoys so much, but if one doesn't continuously partake of bitter atrabine, you are apt to find yourself flat on your back with malaria or some other jungle fever. Flies, rats, the blue mold, more dismal rain and heat combine to make your stay in these islands anything but a happy adventure.

There is nothing in the south seas to interest the soldiers, sailors and marines. Nothing worthwhile to see, no amusements to enjoy, no gorgeous girls to meet. The same applies to anyone else, so if you desire a trip and vacation that will be boresome, devoid of pleasure, uncomfortable and miserable—well then, Come to the South Seas!—B.M. 1/c USNR Raymond "Spud" Lawless.

NO EFFORT AT ALL . . .

Bill Jones, while yet a yokel youth with dirt under his fingernails and dandruff on his collar, got a job as clerk in a grocery store.

One day a bandit entered and pointed a gun at Bill's head.

If he had been a brave man he would have remained an obscure clerk. But he trembled in helpless terror and his trembling shook from the top shelf an earthenware churn which fell on the bandit's head.

Everybody thought he used the churn as a weapon and he became a hero. The newspapers proclaimed his valor and this publicity got him a job as assistant manager of a larger store.

One day he saw among the customers the girl of his dreams—a pretty little moron—and started across the store to speak to her.

If he had caught her he would have remained an assistant manager all his days. But she escaped in the crowd while Bill stopped to pick up a purse he had knocked from a lady's hand, and thus he met the heiress who became his wife and gave him the capital to set up in business for himself.

With his bride's money back of him Bill became a contractor. One day he mailed his bid on a street-paving job.

If he had won the contract he would have gone broke.

But the plane carrying his letter was wrecked and the mail burned, and a higher bidder got the job.

Bill's next venture was in steel. He bought a small mill at double its value and would have gone broke if nothing unusual had happened. But a war came and government contracts made him a multimillionaire.

Then the party made him Lieutenant Governor in return for a generous contribution.

If the Governor had lived, Bill would have gone no farther. But that gentleman conveniently got himself killed in an automobile accident and Bill became Governor Bill Jones and a power in the land.

The reporters gathered, as reporters will, and one of them said, "Governor, to what do you attribute your remarkable success?"

And the honorable Bill answered in all seriousness, "I attribute my success to hard work, careful planning, foresight, and a lifelong habit of making my own opportunities instead of depending on luck."—The Natural Gasser.

—SD—

SAFETY FIRST . . .

Goldblatt was waiting for a bus when a stranger approached and asked the time. Goldblatt ignored him. The stranger repeated the request. Goldblatt continued to ignore him. When the stranger finally walked away another waiting passenger inquired curiously, "Why didn't you tell the man what time it is? I see you have a watch."

"Listen, my friend." Goldblatt replied, "here I am standing, minding my own business, and this guy wants to know what time it is. Suppose I should tell him what time it is? What then? We get to talking and this guy says, 'How about a little drink?' So we have a drink. Then we have some more drinks. So after a while I say, 'How about coming up to my house for a bite to eat?' We go up to my house and we're eating salami and cheese sandwiches when my daughter comes in—and my daughter is a very good looking girl if I do say so myself. Suppose she falls for this guy and he falls for her. Then they get married, and I'm telling you, my friend, any guy that can't afford a watch I should not want for a son-in-law!"

IN THE FIGHT . . .

PFC Steve Archuleta

I was sent back to the States from England because of a broken leg I received in a truck accident last winter. It sure feels fine to be back in the good old U.S.A. again. —Bruns General Hospital, Santa Fe, N. M.

Cpl. Jesse Browne

How is the lumber business these days? I received the January SAWDUST. Sure was glad to get it.—England.

—SD—

FIGHTING FOR THIS? . . .

The following is lifted verbatim from the L. A. Examiner's "The Open Door";

Dear City Mother:

I am an ex-service man with a medical discharge from the Army. I have had a lot of illness and one death in my family.

I am looking for a job where I am best suited and where I can get room and board. I have experience in household work, plain cooking, typing, pharmacy, as a P.B.X. operator, as a valet, a practical nurse and companion.

If you know of anyone who can give me a job, please let me know.

—E. J. L.

An attempt was made through an influential person to obtain work for this ex-service man, but it was found that he would have to pay the union $35 for even temporary work as a laborer.

—SD—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . . .

Thanks to Albert Sainz for this issue's "Retrospection" picture; and to Howard Ellis for the Alabama Hills photograph in "Scenic Inyo".

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH . . .

Peter, you can never be president . . .

But, that's about the **only** door that's barred to you—an immigrant boy—in America.

You can become a great doctor.

Or a painter or musician.

You can be at the head of a business.

You can be a farmer, a teacher, a scientist, a mechanic, a clergyman or a statesman.

It requires ability, the desire to get ahead, the will to work, and faith in yourself, in America and in God.

But in spite of all that, you'll find people here who talk about "rebuilding America." They say it's old fashioned, that it has outgrown its Constitution and its Bill of Rights.

They would like to change all the things that have made America great—and pattern it after some other country.

You'll hear a lot about voting for so-and-so because he'll "take care of you and your family from now on."

But you'll find that most self-respecting Americans **prefer to take care of themselves**— and work out their own futures.

Americans don't like to have someone else do their thinking for them—or tell them how to run their own lives.

Americans don't like to be pushed around.

Our forefathers founded this country to get away from that sort of thing.

That's why millions of people have settled here and prospered.

That's why you and your parents came over here.

No, you can never be president, Peter—but your children can!

—Republic Steel

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

Two darkies were discussing their neighborhood banker.

"Dey say he's kinda tight," said one.

"Tight nothin'!" said the other; "dat man's as lib'l as dey makes 'em. He loaned me five dollahs two years ago an' he ain' neveh ast fo' it yit. Eb'ry Sat'day I goes 'roun' an' pays 'im two bits in trust, an' he says foh me not to worry 'bout no principal. No, suh! dat banker shuah am white!"

—SD—

Parson: "If dere's any one in de congregation who likes sin, stand up...What's dat, Sista Ida, you all likes **sin**?"

Sister Ida: "Scuse me, parson, I done thought you all said **gin**."

—SD—

A deaf man stopped the pastor after church to ask:

"Who was the stranger who took up the collection today?"

"That was our new deacon."

"New Dealer, you say?"

"No; a deacon. He is the son of a bishop."

"Heck! All of them are!"

—SD—

"What's the idea of kicking my dog. He won't bite you!"

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

—SD—

"We shall be glad," wrote the firm to the Manpower Dept., "if you can assist us in retaining this man a little longer. He is the only man left and he's carrying on with fifteen girls."

Judge: "Rastus, do you want a lawyer appointed to defend you?"

Rastus: "No sah, Judge, but ah'd 'ppreciate a couple of good witnesses, if you'se has 'em handy."

—SD—

But Judge," protested the convicted murderer, "I'm in poor health. I can't do a 99-year sentence."

"Well, then," said the judge kindly, "just do what you can of it."

—SD—

Country dog, hurrying to keep up with city dog he is visiting: "Why such a hurry to get away from that little Peke, Bull? I thought you were a fighter?"

Bull: "That dog's got the coldest nose in town. That's why I'm running so fast!"

—SD—

A local yokel and his bride from the sticks came to a hotel in a city to spend their honeymoon. The room they had was beautifully furnished in white furniture and there was a pair of twin beds. When she saw them the bride began to cry.

"What's the matter?" her husband asked. "Don't you like it?"

Between sobs the bride managed to say, "But I thought we'd be all by ourselves."

—SD—

"Johnny! Oh, Johnny!"

"What is it, Ma?"

"Have you been spitting in the goldfish bowl?"

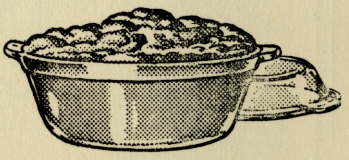
"Nope. Not yet, Ma. But I'm comin' closer all the time."

A BRIDE'S BEST FRIEND IS HER PYREX BRAND WARE

CHOOSE YOUR GIFTS AT OUR PYREX WARE COUNTER

DOUBLE DUTY CASSEROLE

A "must" for every bride! Shown here with an easily-prepared Cheese Souffle. The cover keeps food steaming hot or makes an extra pie plate. Three sizes — 1½ qt., only **65¢**



Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co.

Lone Pine, California

Jenny's Gift Shop

"Everybody is 1-A with me!"

Scenic Views . . . Post Cards
Souvenirs . . . Bric-A-Brac
Orders taken for Flowers
Greeting Cards
Daily and Sunday Newspapers

Mt Whitney, 14,496 ft.

LONE PINE, CALIFORNIA